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INDIAN
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Youth

Indians on Alcatraz

Photos and Article by Bill Wingell



Nona Locke laughed and nuzzled head on her brother's shoulder. Shy, 14-year-old Sioux-Chippewa from Topanga, near Los Angeles, Nona seemed both embarrassed and amused by my efforts to photograph her and her 15-year-old brother, Kevin.

We were on board a fishing boat trudging across San Francisco Bay our way to Alcatraz, the abandoned federal prison island now occupied by Indian-Americans. The deck of the small vessel was crowded with some 35 persons, many of them women and children. Except for myself, everyone, including the boat's captain, was Indian. Dressed poorly and loaded down with bulky bundles, the travelers ought to mind images of an Ellis Island ferry jammed with newly-arrived immigrants or a boat-load of Jewish refugees slipping into Palestine after World War II.

Nona and Kevin sat in the stern, struggling at my struggle to keep a firm footing while taking photographs on the wave-rocked boat. During the 20-minute ride, the two young people talked about the importance of the Indian occupation

of Alcatraz and why they had chosen to spend their entire vacation from school on "the rock."

"It's really the principle of it," Nona remarked. "The government made a treaty that all abandoned unused federal lands should immediately be turned back to the Indians"—a reference to an 1868 treaty between the U.S. government and the Sioux tribe. "We think they should live up to the treaty."

"We want to protest, we want white people to take notice of us," Kevin injected. "We're always hidden away, but now Indians are asserting themselves more."

Nona spoke enthusiastically of the occupiers' plans to establish an Indian cultural center on Alcatraz. "They should make it the capital of Indians," she said, noting: "I get a good feeling being around my people. Some of the kids who weren't raised on reservations have to read books to find out about their own people." Nona then voiced a frequently-heard complaint about schooling—that public schools are programmed for white youth and do not meet the special needs of Indian students. She said she hoped the Alcatraz invaders would set up a high school on the island.

Our boat docked at the island's landing, where the occupiers had re-lettered a large "United States Property" sign to read: "United Indian Property." From a nearby guard tower flew the Indians' own tepee-emblazoned flag.

After scrambling onto the dock and greeting their mother, who was also staying on the island, Nona and Kevin agreed to give me a tour. We walked up a concrete roadway toward the now-dormant power plant. Wandering through decaying buildings—the power station, a paint shop, the workshops where prisoners had labored—and climbing over crumbling catwalks connecting the once gun-bristling guard towers, I had the feeling I was exploring an old prison set on a back-lot of a Hollywood movie company. ▶

Youth /

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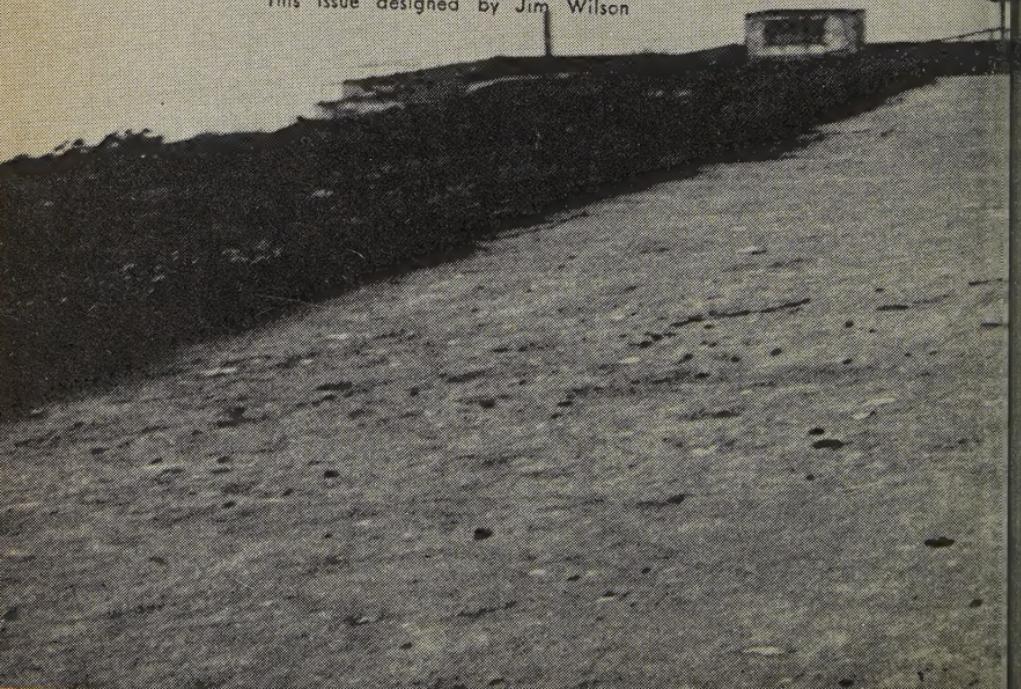
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This issue designed by Jim Wilson





INDIANS
WELCOME

UNITED INDIAN
PROPERTY

ALCATRAZ ISLAND AREA 12 ACRES

1/4 MILES TO TRANSPORT DOCK

ONE GOVERNMENT BOAT PER OWNER

OTHERS MUST KEEP OFF - 100 YARDS

NOT ALLOWED ASHORE
WITHOUT A PASS

INDIAN LAND



"We want white people to take notice of us"

whole scene seemed unreal. The men once imprisoned here, however, Alcatraz had been enough. One of the Indian inmates himself was having something of a reunion with "the rock." Odore Mureno, a 46-year-old man from Washington State, he spent five months there in 1977 for illegally fishing in Alaska. Now, he was back, as the Indian inmate force's chief cook. "This place has changed quite a bit," Mureno observed.

Actually, the island hasn't changed much at all throughout its long history.

The Spanish, who claimed the land from—who else? Indians—in 1545, were the first to use it as a prison. In fact, their old dungeons formed part of the foundation for the present prison structure. In 1846, the island passed into U.S. hands, and the government used it as a military prison three years later. Ironically, the first American prisoners sent to Alcatraz were rebellious Indian chiefs. The island remained under military control until 1933, at which time it became a civilian prison.

In 1963, the government abandoned the outmoded prison and left it in the care of the General Services Administration (GSA). Since then, several schemes for its use have been proposed, among them conversion into a gambling casino, a wax museum of former notorious prisoners, and a monument to space technology. None of these have come to pass, however,

and the island's only inhabitants—until the arrival of the Indians—have been caretaker John Hart and his wife and two helpers.

Our tour having taken us across the island, Nona, her brother and I walked up a hill toward the pink concrete building containing the main cells. In the structure's central section, four blocks of cells rose three tiers high. Some of the five-by-nine foot cubicles showed signs of recent occupancy; the Indians had lived in them when they first arrived on the island; later, they moved into other buildings, including the warden's house and the guard's apartment buildings, where, for lack of furniture, heat and other amenities, they slept in sleeping bags on the floor.

Nona joked that she had come up with one money-making idea: "We'll charge people to come out and see the 'Birdman of Alcatraz' cell. We're not sure which one it was, but we'll just put a sign on any cell." She laughed, and she and her brother walked down a long aisle between the rows of darkened cell blocks to the prison cafeteria, where the old penitentiary's new occupants were eating a lunch of cheese sandwiches and cocoa.

The occupation of Alcatraz began on November 20 last year, when 89 Indians, many of them young people, arrived by boat to take up their outlandish residence. During holidays, the island population swelled to several hundred. But mostly the population has been transient, with thousands of tribal

THE INDIAN QUESTION

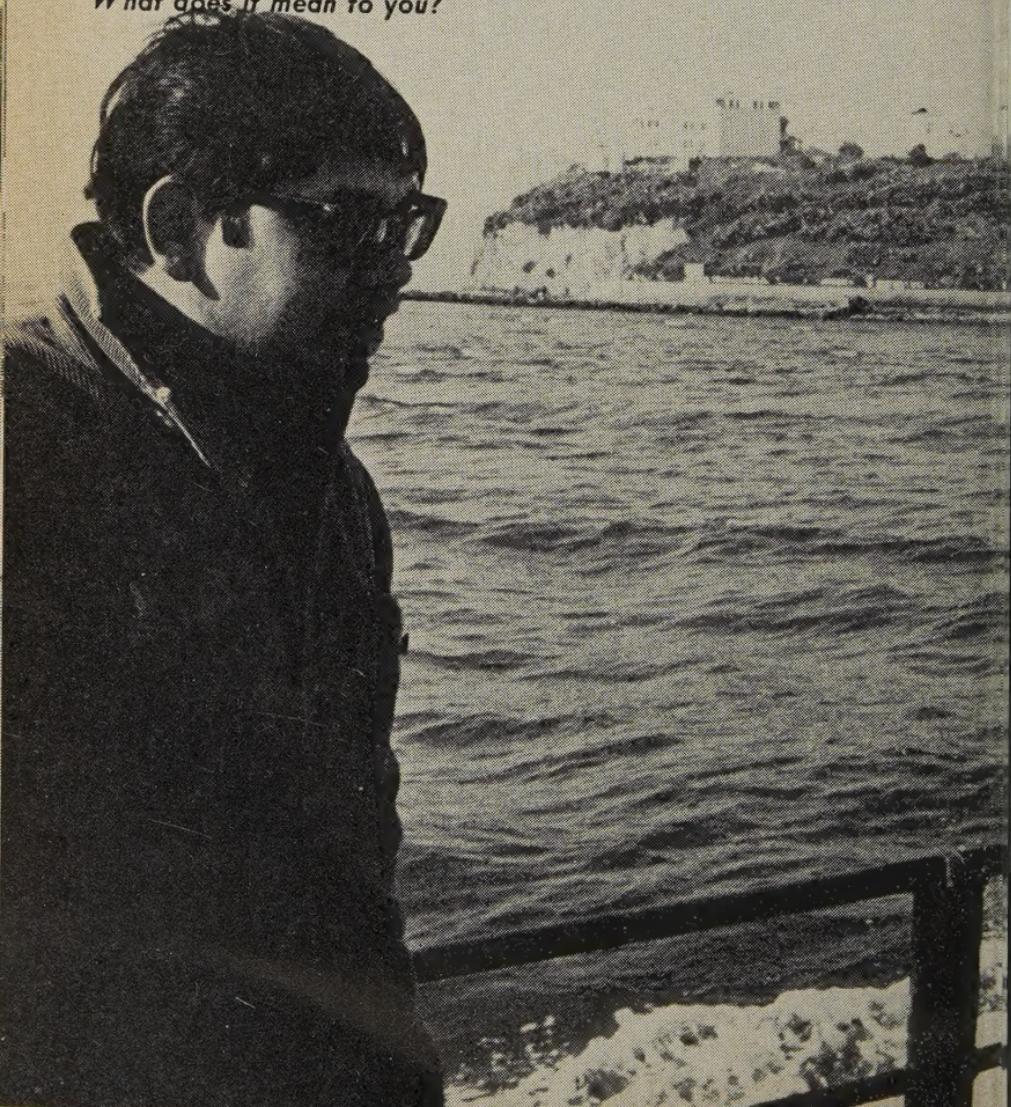
*Why won't you give us the Island—
What is it that you fear?*

*Why don't you try to set things right
Now that we are here?*

*Why won't you give us our land and schools
And let us begin to build?*

*Are you ashamed of what you've done—
Of what you've spoiled and killed?*

*Why don't you give us Alcatraz,
What does it mean to you?*



What if the Mohawk and Navaho
and Cherokee and Sioux?

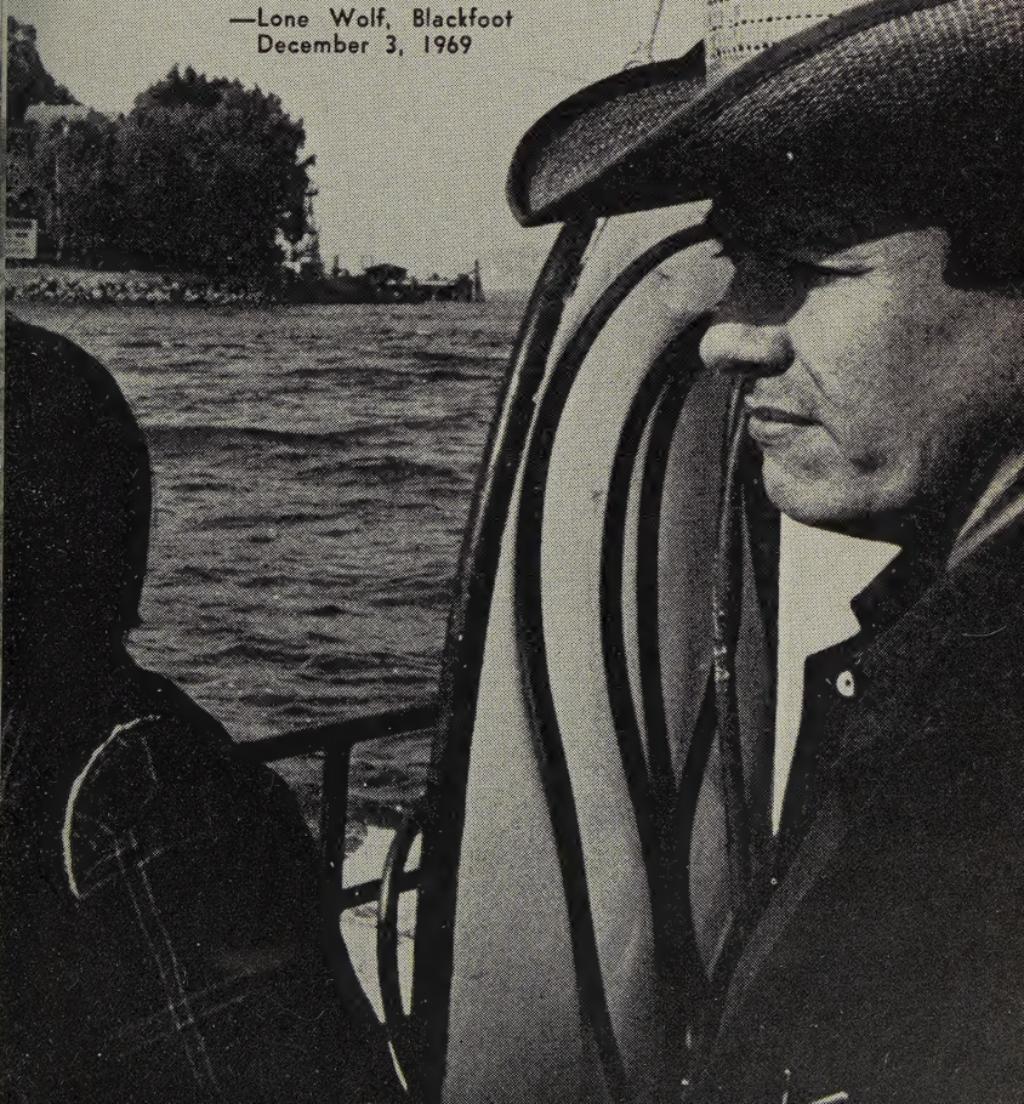
we are one people, proud and strong
and we must have this land!

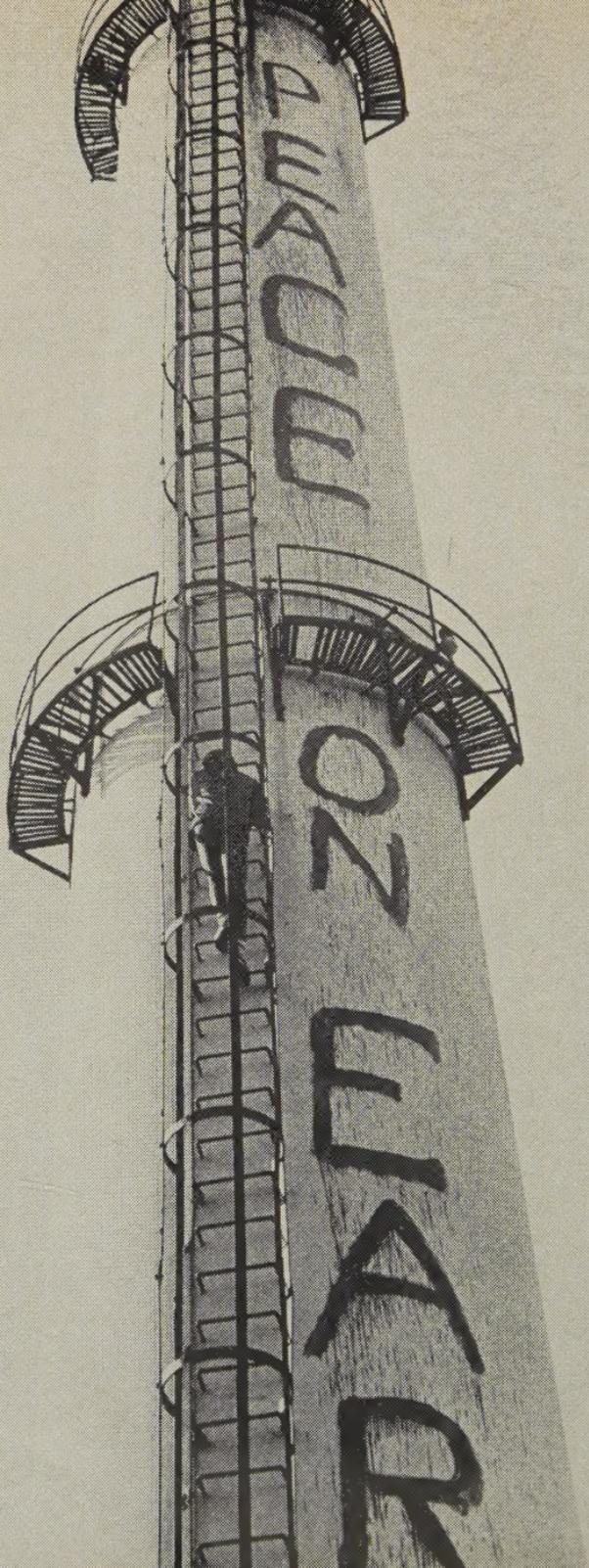
I'll build a new and sacred place
according to an Indian plan!

do not fear, O, poor white man,
I do not want your life!

turn instead to our Indian Way
free from your hate and strife!

—Lone Wolf, Blackfoot
December 3, 1969





We need a lot of help; we can't do it alone"

tors coming and going over the months. Now about 100 live there. Not surprisingly, it was Indian—that "new breed" of native American militants, as one observer put it—who started the whole thing. Much of the impetus for the invasion, according to one early arrival, came from the loss by fire of an Indian community center in San Francisco. "We needed a new place to gather," the youth said. The first foray took place on the night of November 9. At that time, Indian students from San Francisco area colleges hired a boat and landed onto the island. They stayed only until the next morning, departing when warned of arrest by GSA.

One of the participants in that incursion was La Nada Means, 3-year-old Bannock girl from Fort Hall, Idaho, and a pre-law student at the University of California's Berkeley campus.

La Nada said that first night was like running away from boarding school—kind of exciting and scary and challenging."

She described how the group landed a boat, "assuring the captain we were going to a religious meeting." He didn't seem to get the intentions of a religious meeting, though—not after he saw our load. But he took us anyway."

Another invader, Linda Aranaydo, 11-year-old Creek girl and a senior at Berkeley, said the captain demanded three dollars from each passenger. "So whoever had three dollars got on the island," she laughed.

After their arrival on the dark prison complex, the landing party divided into three groups in order to avoid all getting caught at the same time. "We walked along in the moonlight, creeping next to the walls. When we heard a noise we would flatten on the ground. It was scary," Linda related.

La Nada noted that in the morning the invaders came across a rather well-dressed scarecrow. "Linda had just a summer blouse, so she took the scarecrow's shirt. Joe Bill, he took the pants because they were better than his."

A short time later, the group ran into reporters, who told them the Coast Guard had arrived on the island with representatives of the GSA. "We went and hid in the bushes," La Nada related. "Then two guys in suits chased me. They had a radio and were calling me 'Indian female—unknown.' "

Warned they would be arrested if they did not voluntarily leave Alcatraz, the invaders "decided to go back and organize some more," according to La Nada. "So we went back and got things together." Two weeks later, the Indians landed in force. And this time they stayed.

From that obviously impromptu beginning, the occupation of Alcatraz has taken on at least the dream, if not the reality, of permanence.

The inhabitants have incorporated under the title: "Indians of All Tribes." They have elected a governing council, all but one member under 30 years of age. Intent on staying, the participants have drawn



plans for the long-range use of new habitat.

February, they presented a proposal to the government for a sum of \$300,000 to plan an In-university and cultural center. Included would be: (1) a center for Native American studies, with a "traveling university" to carry research and education to reservations throughout the country; (2) a spiritual center to practice ancient tribal ceremonies; (3) a center of ecology to train and support people in research and practices to restore lands and waters to their natural state; (4) a training school to teach Indians how to make money, improve their standard of living, and end Indian hunger and unemployment; (5) a museum that would depict Indian food and cultural contributions and show the noble and tragic events of Indian history, including the broken treaty, the Trail of Tears, the Massacre at Wounded Knee, as well as the story over Yellow Hair Custer and his army."

Recognizing that their ambitious proposals will take a great deal of money—eventually running into millions—the Indians expressed hope of getting aid from both governmental and private agencies. Occupying the island in its present state—without heat or adequate electricity—is costing more than \$2000 a week.

Church and labor organizations have been among the project's principal supporters, but individual persons have helped too. One contributor was Buffy Sainte-Marie, the popular Cree folksinger, who held a



Marilyn Maracle at cell block



benefit concert at Stanford University a short time after the invasion, raising more than \$2000 in a single performance. She also performed on the island for the invaders.

Miss Sainte-Marie showed a militant identification with the Alcatraz venture. "We intend to use it as a home base. We intend to get things done without the advice of government organizations, which have done nothing but perpetuate

cycles of poverty. We intend to take over Indian affairs."

She said she foresaw Alcatraz being used as an organizing base coping with what she described as "the emergencies that arise in native America every day"—crises such as the Washington state government's denial of treaty-guaranteed off-reservation fishing rights to the Nisqually tribe or the federal government's plan to flood part

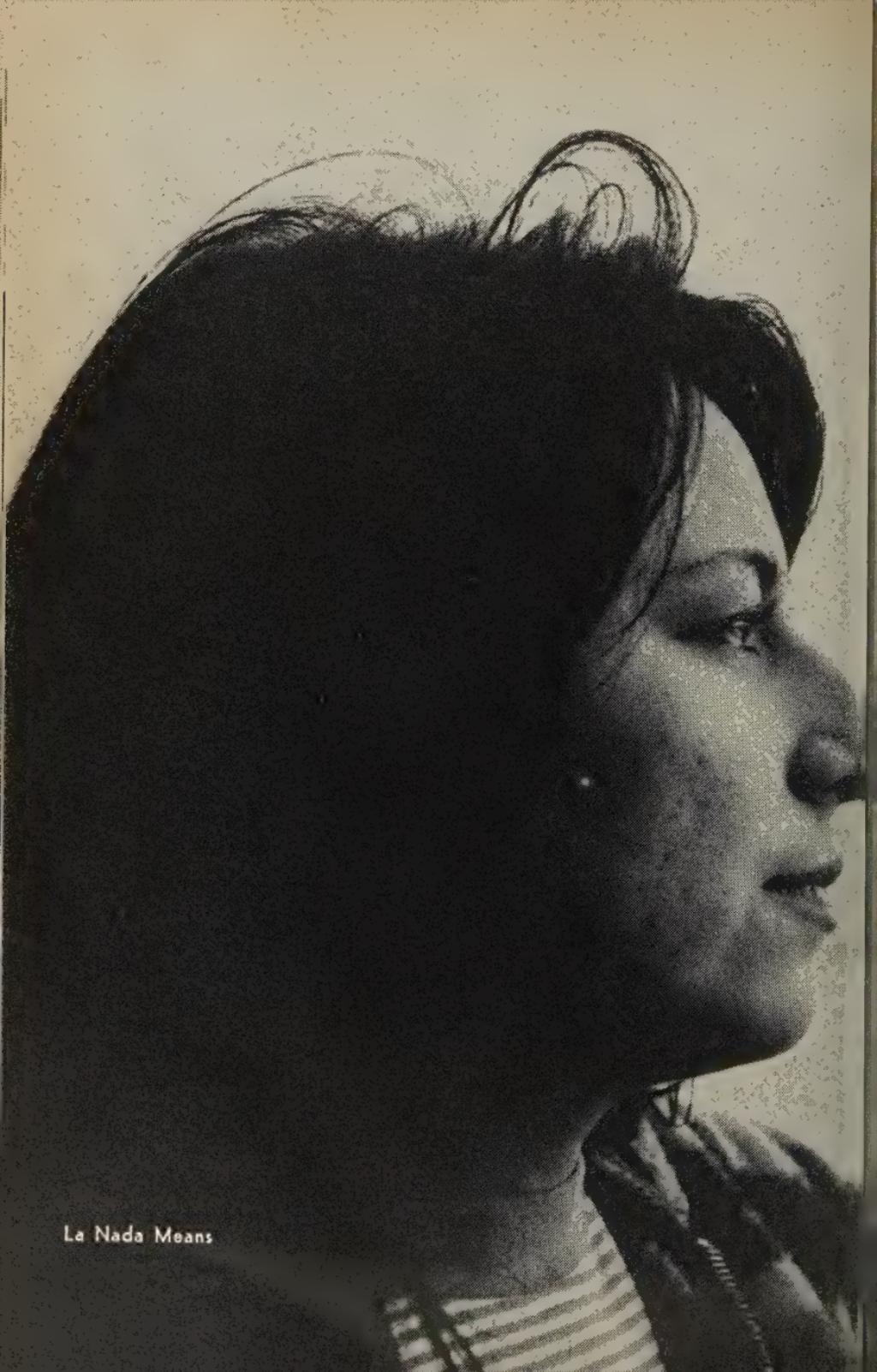


e Round Valley reservation in
rthern California by the construc-
on of a dam on the Eel River.

"It's a new day for native Amer-
icans," Miss Sainte-Marie asserted.
There are many of our people who
break out now, whereas it used to
be the Society of Friends, the do-
oders, who spoke for us, often
where they had no right or real
knowledge of our problems. Now
we are speaking for ourselves.

"If a non-Indian wants to help
Indians, please tell him to straighten
out non-Indian America," the singer
advised. "It's the only answer to
the 'Indian problem.' "

While unquestionably stimulating
interest and concern among whites,
the invasion of Alcatraz has fired the
imaginations of Indians across the
country. "It's the best damn thing
since Custer's last stand," pro-
claimed Lehman L. Brightman, 39-



La Nada Means

THE WOMEN OF ALCATRAZ

A hai - A hai - A hai

*Our women are brave on Alcatraz
They work like the hard North Wind*

A hai - A hai - A hai

*Our women are gentle on Alcatraz
They sway like the sweet South Wind*

A hai - A hai - A hai

*Our women are wise on Alcatraz
They sing like the fresh East Wind*

A hai - A hai - A hai

*Our women are loving on Alcatraz
They smile like the warm West Wind*

O, women of Alcatraz!

—Lone Wolf, Blackfoot
November 25, 1969



"In school they treated us like dumb kids"

er-old director of the native American studies program at Berkeley and a great-grandson of, in his words, "one of the few Indians killed in the battle with Custer."

Brightman, a Cheyenne Agency boy from South Dakota with a master's degree in education, was interviewed in his campus office.

Brightman noted proudly that 20 of his 23 Indian students had been among the Alcatraz invading force. "I didn't think it would work," he said, "but I was proved wrong."

The director fairly glowed as he pointed out that the invasion was carried out "by young Indians, without bloodshed or violence, and they knew they could be sent to prison for it. It took a lot of guts."

"This Alcatraz thing has focused a tremendous amount of attention on the Indian, and it's been a tremendous help," Brightman maintained. "We've been able to bring up a lot of problems. I've never seen so many newspaper men and media people in my life. Nobody listened to us before, but when we camped on Alcatraz, every third person out there was a newsman."

If, eventually, the government decides to turn over the island to its occupiers, Brightman said he felt "it gives them the money to set up something worthwhile on it. It will cost millions, and it will be just a pittance if they don't give us the money. We need a lot of help; we can't do it alone."

The appeal of the Alcatraz occupation showed among the occupiers themselves. During a break in a fast-moving

basketball game taking place near the old guards' quarters, I spoke with two brothers, Ray and Ken McCloud, 16 and 19, who had hitchhiked from Washington state. It took them 30 hours. Remarked Ken: "I think it's cool. Since it's an Indian island, we're here to help." "They need guys to help clean up this place," added his brother. They planned to stay several weeks, until it was time for them to return to school.

Marilyn Maracle, a 21-year-old Mohawk girl, traveled from Oklahoma, where she was employed in a poverty program, to help on the island. She viewed the project as an effort by Indian youth to "reject white culture and attempt to return to the Indian style of life."

Marilyn spoke of the stresses Indian young people face today. She said she herself had spent four months in mental institutions. "All kinds of things led to that, but what keeps cropping up is the identity problem and trying to establish myself as an Indian in the white community. You sit there and you say, 'I'm an Indian and I don't know what that means.'"

It appeared that the long-distance record for travel to Alcatraz was held by Douglas Remington, a 24-year-old Southern Ute from Colorado. Remington, who was raised on one of the country's few economically-sound reservations and who graduated from Boston and Yale universities with a master's degree in English education, was teaching at the University of

Ken and Ray McCloud hitchhiked from Washington state

Madrid in Spain when he read in a newspaper about the island invasion. Several days later, he was on a plane flying to San Francisco.

"It's a beautiful island, the whole concept is beautiful," Remington asserted on his way out to Alcatraz after a brief visit to the mainland. "The 1960s was the generation of social revolution. The blacks have done it, and now we're doing it. It's just a first step, but Indians can now stand up and be counted. Now they can really think of themselves as human beings. It's a new breed of Indian—here and everywhere."

Remington directs the elementary school set up on the island for the children of the inhabitants. State curriculum guides are followed strictly for grades 1 through 7 and Indian teachers are fully qualified and accredited.

Remington stressed the importance of the young Indians' participation. "They're more aware now of what's happening, more involved," he said. "The old people used to have the say—like on tribal councils. But now young people are having their say. And they should have a voice on the reservations. They are the future and should be brought up to hold the reins of leadership. Sure, they'll make mistakes, but the old people did too."

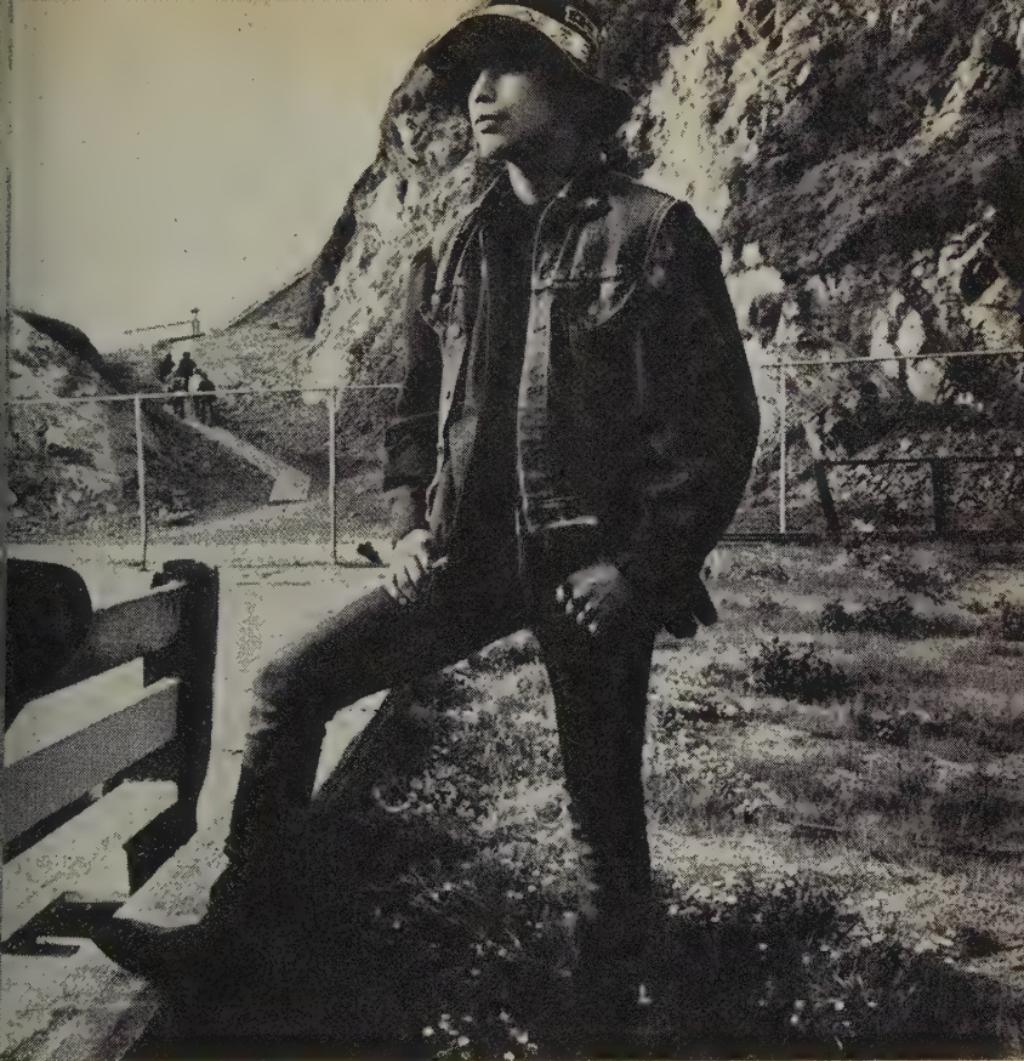
Remington pointed to changes on his own reservation, noting that the minimum age for membership on the Tribal Council used to be 30; now, it's 25. "And you used to have



to be 35 to be chairman, but after we picketed and petitioned, we got that down to 30."

Gazing at the boat arriving at the dock to take him back to the island, Remington mused: "At first Alcatraz was a symbol to us, but it's not anymore. Now, it's real. I hope something really comes out of this."

Back on the island, I talked to Nada Means about why Alcatraz meant so much to her. The occupant, she replied "means a lot of things. It's something that reflects



whole life. It goes back to when
I was young."

On her family's reservation in
New Mexico, her father was a "jack of all
trades" who worked mostly for
the government, with the result that "we
didn't have any money for the
things we wanted," La Nada said. He had been
the chairman of the Tribal Council but
was ousted for "bucking the bureau"—the federal Bureau of Indian
Affairs, which administers reservations
throughout the country, and has strong paternalistic authority

over Indians everywhere.

Describing the hunger she knew
as a child, La Nada related: "There
was a tree in the corner of our yard.
I'd chew on the leaves. And there
was a weed that tasted like cab-
bage. I'd sit out there with my salt
shaker. Man, I was hungry." As a
result of malnutrition, she con-
tracted rickets and still walks with
a slight impairment.

She'll never forget the prejudice
of the white people in the small
towns around the reservations, es-



'm Indian and don't know what that means"

cially the stores with signs in their windows reading "No Indians or Dogs Allowed."

La Nada's education in public church and boarding schools was a long misadventure—a small part of what Senator Edward M. Kennedy's subcommittee on Indian education has called "a national tragedy." She went to schools in Idaho, Nevada, Oklahoma and South Dakota and was tossed out of each—one after less than a day. "It's phoney and I knew it. They treated us like dumb little Indian children. Led us around like we didn't have any minds of our own. I didn't learn anything."

At one church-related school, according to the student, "they had a class in laundry—they called it home economics.' You would wash and iron and do all the bedding for the dormitories. Then they would send you to the headmaster's or admistress's home and you would be their servant. I didn't go there to be a servant." At another school, she made the honor roll but was still expelled after two months—the admistress said she didn't "fit in." Lacking a diploma, La Nada took a high school equivalency exam, scored well and was admitted to Idaho State University. She stayed only one semester, however, then moved to San Francisco, where she lived with a friend and tried to find work. "The BIA said it couldn't help me because I didn't come on the relocation program"—a plan whereby the bureau pays usually ill-prepared Indians to move from

reservations to urban centers, gives them some job training and finds them often ill-paid work. "The employment office said they wouldn't refer me because I didn't dress well enough," she said.

She finally got work as a bar-maid. At 17 she was pregnant. After having the baby, she returned to Idaho. But a short time later was back in San Francisco—this time enrolled in the BIA relocation program. "I just didn't want to be stuck on the reservation," she noted. She worked at several jobs, got married, had another child and then separated from her husband. In 1968, she was admitted to the University of California's Educational Opportunity Program for minority students. Taking part in the Third World student strike for an ethnic studies department (the native American studies program was set up as a consequence of that strike), she was arrested for assault and received a suspended sentence. She was also suspended from school but was later readmitted.

Now, La Nada is intent on specializing in federal Indian law. "If I want to do something effective for my people, I've got to know what the laws are," she said "so the law works for you and not against you, so no Indian is sent to prison for nothing. Everyone I've grown up with is in prison; they're so wasted. We've got to get a hold of the laws controlling us. We've got to know what's going on." She hopes that eventually Alcatraz will have a university with its own law department.

THE DRUMS OF ALCATRAZ

*Down to the shore our people come
Following sounds of the Indian drum
For this is a day of victory—
Shoshone, Yakama and Cree!*

*In our peoples' eyes, a new spirit gleams
The shining hope of old, old dreams
For we are proud of our young men
Pomo, Blood and Algonquin!*

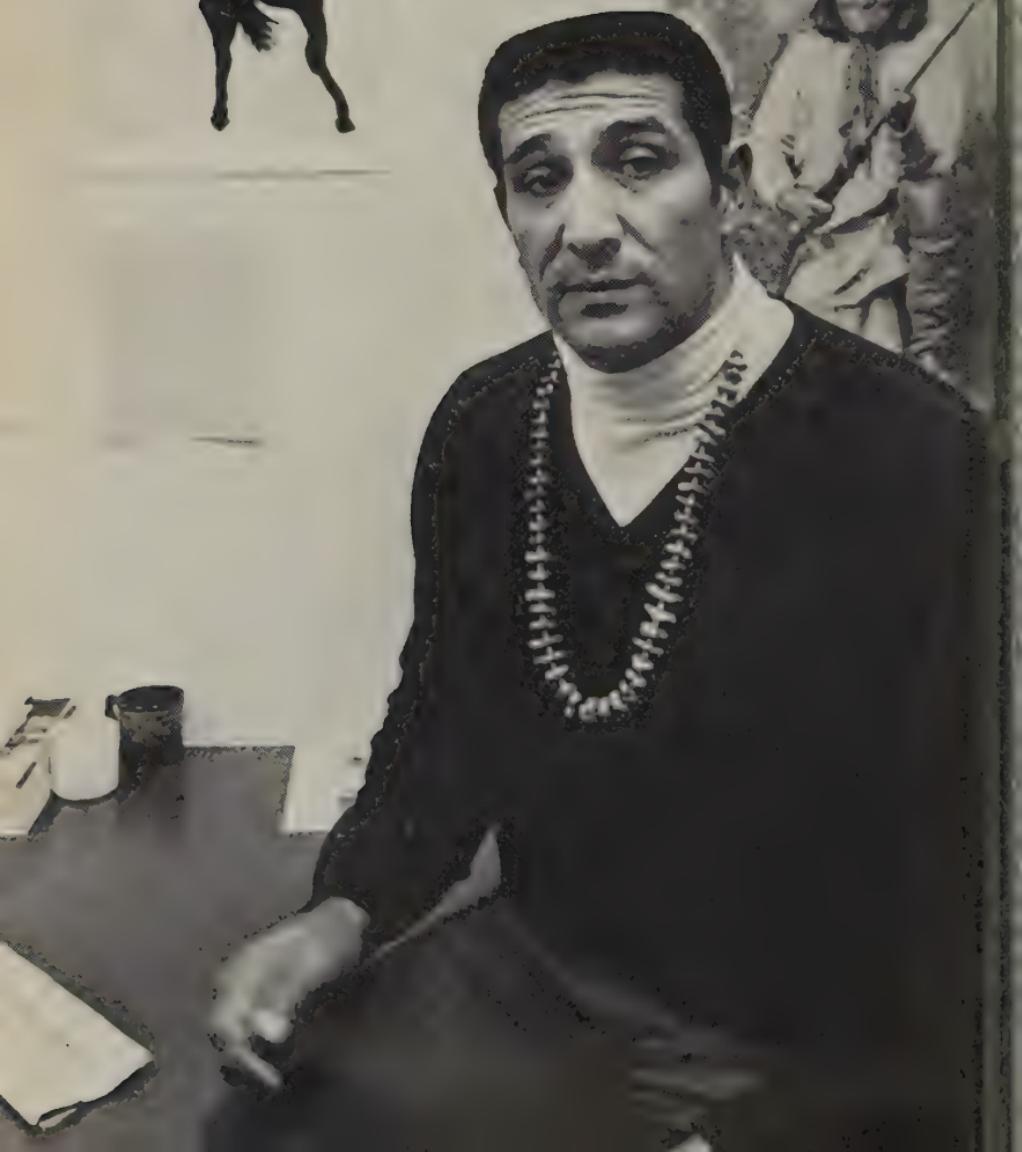
*Our children laugh and sing our song
The people dance all day long,
Around the Island our people walk
Blackfoot, Apache and brave Mohawk!*

*Across the waters of the gleaming Bay
Our people come throughout the day
To laugh and dance the long night through
Paiute, Navaho and Sioux!*

*O, my people, hear our drums
The drums of Alcatraz!*

—Lone Wolf, Blackfoot
December 1, 1969





"It's the best thing since Custer's last stand"

To La Nada, the occupation of Alcatraz was "a way of letting people know what we're about, to let them know our situation, that too much discrimination has been going on in the cities. Now people at least know we're alive."

What is the situation of the Indians today? His average life span is 44 years, compared to 71 for white brothers. The average yearly income of Indian families on reservations is \$1500—half the national poverty level. Average schooling is 5½ years, much less than that of both the black and the Mexican American. Unemployment is low and most reservation housing is rated substandard. The Indians have the highest birth rate, infant mortality rate, and suicide rate in the U.S.

Fractionalized by tribal differences, Indian leaders have been wed in efforts to unite the more than 650,000 Indians in the U.S. to tackle such problems. Under treaty status, 315 Indian tribal groups in states still function as quasi-sovereign nations.

The story of many of the Alcatraz inhabitants reflect this oversimplified situation. For example, Judy and Winston Scraper and their two children moved from Oklahoma to San Francisco on the BIA relocation program. They were told of "the land of opportunity" in California. Judy, a 26-year-old Shawnee, recalled, "but we were borrowing more than we were making. It was such a big disappointment."

When the Alcatraz invasion oc-

curred, the Scrapers gave up their house and furniture and moved their remaining belongings onto the island. "I went out there out of curiosity and just stayed," she said. "It was such a beautiful idea—that all Indian people would unite for a just cause. Now it's my home and my hope for a better future. If the government puts us off the island, I'll have no place to go."

The question of whether the government would indeed put the Indians off the island remained an open one.

From the outset the General Services Administration has held that the Indians are trespassing. On the other hand, agency officials have stated there are no present plans to evict the invaders. In January, the Nixon Administration assigned Robert Robertson, a non-Indian and executive director of the new, federally-sponsored National Council on Indian Opportunity, to negotiate with the occupiers.

Under Robertson, the government rejected the Indians' proposal to build a cultural, educational and spiritual center on Alcatraz. Instead, the government responded with a plan to turn the island into a park that would have "maximum Indian qualities."

In early April, the Indians rejected the park plan and gave the government until May 31 to make a counterproposal. If it does not, the Indians say, they will draw up their own ownership deed "by right of discovery" (a ruse used by whites to claim former Indian lands) and



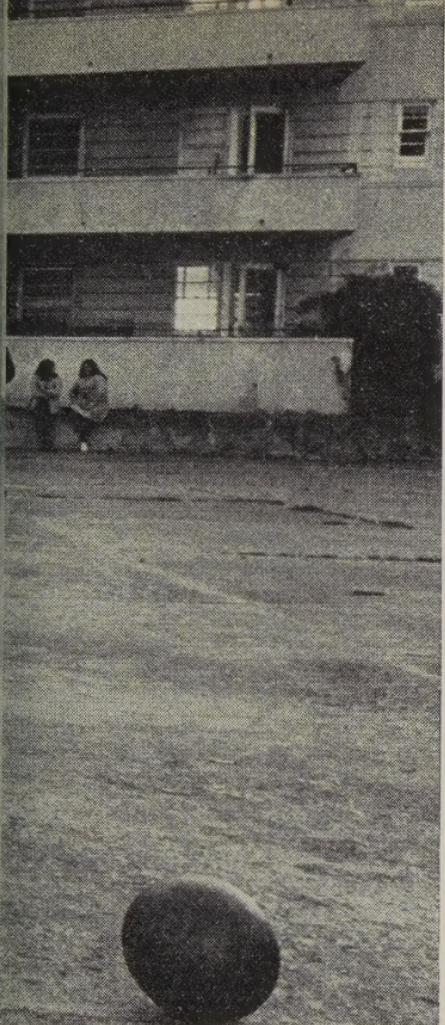
seek private funds to develop the island.

Said John Trudell, a spokesman, "We will no longer be museum pieces, tourist attractions, and politician's playthings. There will be no park on this island, because it changes the whole meaning of what we are here for."

Earlier, when I asked whether there was a possibility the government might turn over the island to the occupants (one highly-placed

Nixon adviser is said to favor such a course), Robertson replied: "I don't know—there might be," he added quickly: "Do you know how much money would be involved? It would take \$7 million to \$10 million just to clear it off and put the utilities out. In government you have to weigh the priorities . . . A piece of the pie is better than none at all."

Some people may object to the priority of federal spending to



Formerly executive director of the National Council of American Indians, Mr. Deloria reports in the *New York Times Magazine*, "By making Alcatraz an experimental Indian center operated and planned by Indian people, we would be given a chance to see what we could do toward developing answers to modern social problems."

In the face of bureaucratic hesitation, Democratic Representative George E. Brown Jr., whose own East Los Angeles constituency includes many Mexican and Indian Americans, has introduced in Congress a resolution urging President Nixon to begin negotiations to turn over Alcatraz to its occupiers. The bill has ten co-sponsors.

In his remarks before the House, Representative Brown noted that patronizing governmental policies have only further alienated Indians and destroyed their "rich culture." Indians, he asserted, "consistently rank as the poorest, most illiterate, short-lived and distant members of our society.

"Therefore, Alcatraz is critically important," he said, "Unfortunately—and tragically—the government has failed them. Now, Indians have decided peacefully to take destiny into their own hands."

Representative Brown's resolution was referred to the House Committee on the Interior, where, according to one Washington observer, it is likely to receive little favorable attention unless public pressure is brought to bear. It was suggested that citizens write their own congressmen to urge support for the resolution. Letters also could be

h a project, "yet Health, Education and Welfare gave out \$10 million last year to non-Indians to study Indians," observes Vine Deloria, Jr., a Standing Rock Sioux and author of the new book, *Custer Died for Your Sins*. "Not one dollar went to an Indian scholar or researcher to present the point of view of Indian people. And the studies done by non-Indians added nothing to what was already known about Indians."

"They should make this the capital of Indian

directed to President Nixon calling for him to turn over Alcatraz to its new residents. (For information or contributions, write to Alcatraz Relief Fund, 4339 California St., San Francisco, Calif.)

The Indians themselves have rather pointedly offered to buy the island—for \$24 worth of glass beads and red cloth, "a precedent set by the white man's purchase of a similar island about 300 years ago. We know that \$24 in trade goods for these 16 acres is more than was paid when Manhattan Island was sold," they added wryly, "but we know that land values have risen over the years. Our offer of \$1.24 per acre is greater than the 47 cents the white men are now paying the California Indians for their land." They also offered to set aside a portion of the island for whites. It would be administered by a "Bureau of Caucasian Affairs."

In another sharply-pointed commentary, the occupiers scoffed at government assertions that the island is both unsafe and unsuitable for their use. The Indians noted caustically that the "rock" merely resembles most Indian reservations in that "it is isolated from modern facilities and without adequate means of transportation; it has no fresh running water; it has inadequate sanitation facilities; there are no oil or mineral rights; there is no industry, and so unemployment is very great; there are no health care facilities; the soil is rocky and non-productive; there are no educational facilities . . . (and) the

population has always been held prisoners and kept dependent upon others."

Still, they noted in summary, Alcatraz were turned over to its occupiers, "this tiny island would be a symbol of the great lands ruled by free and noble Indians."

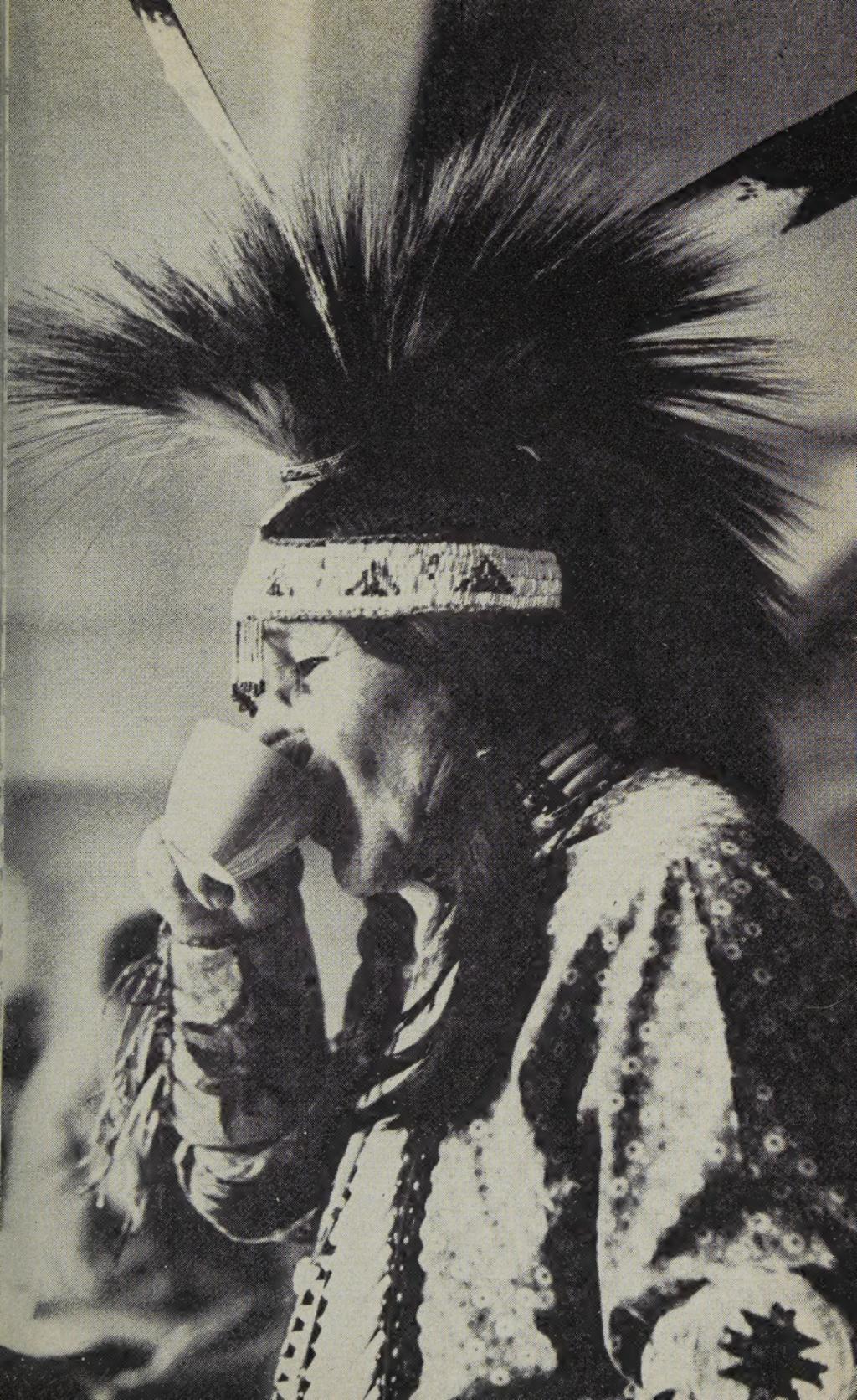
At the end of one of the Alcatraz young people's frequent ball games, a group of youth strolled up the hillside path to the main cell block where they were scheduled to prepare the evening meal.

"Here you can just do your own thing and feel good about it," remarked Susan Hannan, a 21-year-old Yurok girl from northern California and a student at Berkeley. "It's your choice," she said. "You can make whatever you want to out of it, and our people do want to make something."

If the government does plan to remove the Indians from the island according to Sue, they will have to physically carry off a lot of people—including herself. "My heart's in this cause," said she firmly.

Several of the young people speculated that the government was playing a waiting game—hoping that the inhabitants would give up of their project and leave the land of their own accord.

That wasn't likely, opined year-old Rosemary Whitewind. "We came out here to help people, and we're not going to get tired," she declared. "We think Alcatraz should be a place for Indians, and we're really going to see things going here."



THE WHITE MAN'S WAY

*You gave us a treaty and took our land
And you stole our children away—
Our water turned bad, the wind blew sands
The white man had come to stay!*

*Then the corn gave out and the buffalo died
And our children slept alone,
Black were our faces, our women cried
And our young men started to roam!*

*The whiskey was cheap, the food was high
And our horses starved in the field.
For when people are beaten, people will die
And the fate of our tribes was sealed!*

*Our spirits were crippled as broken wings
The bright land turned to dust
You gave us the Bible and some old things
And ordered us to learn to trust!*

*Aii, we signed your treaty and burned our tent
And waited for promises to be kept
We heard your words; we learned what they meant
Our brothers drank and our mothers wept!*

*But, today our young men from all of the tribes
Hold this place as Indian Land.
Take back your treaty, take back your bribes
On this Island, together we stand!*

—Lone Wolf, Blackfoot
December 2, 1969